Should've Worshipped Him Sooner.

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43978414.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Married Couple, Married Sex, Fluff and Smut, Light Angst, (very light), Confessions, Body Worship, Religious Discussion, Anal Sex, Riding, Top Hannibal Lecter, (but he's penetrated), Bottom Will Graham, Devotion, Idiots in Love, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Married Hannigram On The Run!, Part 21 of Kinktober 2022
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-21 Words: 1,644 Chapters: 1/1

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

When Hannibal makes it back up to come face to face with Will, the verbal worships start. There’s an adoring, awestruck look in his eyes when he tells his husband,

“I thank God everyday that you came out of that water in one whole piece.”

“You’re not even religious, Han.” Will recalls with a laugh, embarrassed by the overwhelming attention. Will thinks that he should be used to it by now, but he’s not. He loves Hannibal’s praise, but sometimes it’s too powerful and genuine for Will to be able to wrap his big head around.

“We wasted so much time pretending to hate one another,” Hannibal runs his hands through Will’s messy hair, ignoring his husband’s remark about his faithlessness. “I should’ve worshiped you sooner, mylimasis.”

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Hannibal is faithless, but he thanks God for allowing himself and Will to survive their impossible fall. Now, he worships Will like their time is unlimited.

Kinktober Day 21: Body Worship

Notes

Short and sweet (and just a little sad)! Enjoy!

Title is from “Take Me to Church”- Hozier

See the end of the work for more notes

“I thank whatever deities that may be out there everyday for our survival of that fall.” Hannibal nuzzles into his husband’s side, sentimental after good sex and even better orgasms. Will knows that Hannibal still experiences guilt for how he had treated him before they dove off that cliff together. He literally tore his guts out, and even tried to eat his fucking brains.

Like some mindless zombie.

“I think it was less a deity, and more Chiyoh’s constant care and dedication.”

Will kisses Hannibal's crown regardless of their difference in opinion. His mind is moving much slower than normal in his blissed out post-orgasmic stage. They haven’t even cleaned the semen off of Will’s stomach or out of his ass yet, and they’re diving head first into the hard feelings. The ones that still haunt both he and Hannibal’s dreams at night.

The sun is rising now in their newest residence, a beach house. The orange hue of golden hour looks beautiful on their entangled limbs. Hannibal can’t help but press a few more kisses to Will’s chest where he rests his head.

“I mean it.” Hannibal sighs when he readjusts, sitting up on his elbows so he can meet his husband’s blue, shining eyes. “Not a day passes that I don’t.”

“I know, Han.” Comes Will’s typical, dismissive response. He lets his eyes fall shut as he pets through Hannibal’s messy morning hair. His skin is warmed by the sun’s rays, and he’s perfectly comfortable, even with their sheets thrown to the floor.

Hannibal doesn’t share Will’s same after orgasm exhaustion this morning, but he still lays his head down against his chest to enjoy the sound of his heartbeat.

Only a few minutes pass—not long enough for Will to fall asleep—before Will feels Hannibal’s wandering hands drawing patterns on one of his hairy, muscular thighs. He doesn’t have the care to tell his husband to seize, and he doesn’t really mind, so he just enjoys the sensation of hands on his body.

Quick, soft kisses to his stomach come next. Will knows from the difference in sensation that Hannibal is definitely kissing over his naval scar. Then, the long stripe of tongue. Hannibal is licking Will’s semen off of his stomach where he had blown his load in missionary position.

Will ignores the ticklish feeling when Hannibal’s kisses are redirected to follow his happy trail down to his spent cock. He places a soft kiss there, too. Will gasps when Hannibal takes him in hand, stroking once, twice, then three times.

He continues his adventure with his mouth, taking his time as he worships every single part of his husband’s body with soft kisses and gentle love bites.

Will feels his cheeks heat up at the praises to each part of his body. Hannibal makes him feel like he might be the only thing that matters when he does this. He pretends to hate these moments of sentimental worship, but in truth, they’re very dear to his heart. He loves to see his husband obsess over him like this.

When Hannibal makes it back up to come face to face with Will, the verbal worships start. There's an adoring, awestruck look in his eyes when he tells his husband,

"I thank God everyday that you came out of that water in one whole piece."

"You're not even religious, Han." Will recalls with a laugh, embarrassed by the overwhelming attention. Will thinks that he should be used to it by now, but he's not. He loves Hannibal's praise, but sometimes it's too powerful and genuine for Will to be able to wrap his big head around.

"We wasted so much time pretending to hate one another," Hannibal runs his hands through Will's messy hair, ignoring his husband's remark about his faithlessness. "I should've worshiped you sooner, mylimasis."

Will can see the tears forming in his beloved's eyes, and he feels like his heart might explode under the pressure of it. He sits up in bed and pulls Hannibal to his chest.

"I never hated you." Will whispers into Hannibal's crown. "We all had to make sacrifices, and closing myself off to you was a painful one."

Hannibal rubs a soothing hand over Will's flank, listening carefully for anything else his husband might want to confess in the open air.

"Never again." Will promises, meeting Hannibal's eyes that are still full of tears. His cheeks are stained with them, but they're silent tears, slow and steady as they fall from his forgiving eyes. "Never again will I hide from you."

Will leans down to kiss the tears off of his cheeks, and this just causes more to fall from Hannibal's eyes. When Will pulls back, he can't help but smile at Hannibal's smile. They're such idiots.

They should've recognized their feelings for each other long before they went hurling off that cliff in a loving embrace. Their first embrace.

Hannibal runs his hands up and down Will's flanks as he readjusts himself so he's sat on top of Will's thighs. And Will understands right away what his husband wants.

It's not often that Will gets to penetrate Hannibal, but if he does, it's usually just like this. That way Hannibal can still be in control of him and his movements. The first time they had made love was with Will slowly fucking Hannibal, trying to keep himself from jostling Hannibal's bedridden body. That was when Will was still experiencing his sexual crisis over Hannibal.

Will runs his hands over the bedsheets a few times, searching for the lube they had just used as his husband strokes him to an erection slowly. His body responds favorably, and by the time he's finally located the lube, he is at full attention, and ready to penetrate.

Hannibal takes the lube from Will, and is hurried when he reaches behind himself to stretch himself. Will waits patiently, and watches in awe as his husband's dick grows to hardness and

starts leaking. Will gives a few encouraging strokes to the erect cock that is just inches from rubbing against his own.

Hannibal's face turns to one of pleasure as his fingers find his prostate, and his dick is stimulated in his preferred manner, slow and tight. It's been about two weeks since he's been penetrated, so he makes sure to stretch himself wide and deep.

He removes his fingers and swats his husband's hand off of his dick when he deems himself ready. He raises himself off of Will's thighs and moves to position himself to be able to sink down onto his husband's dick.

He does sink down, suddenly and with a gasp. He takes Will all at once, and it pulls a groan from his throat. He knows that Hannibal will try to make them both come quickly, because with his injuries, he can't ride Will very long.

But damn, does he enjoy it.

Hannibal pulls himself up with a rocking motion, before pushing himself back down with that same motion. Once he's gotten comfortable, he leans back so he can support himself on Will's thighs, expanding his chest and extending his torso.

"Your legs.." Hannibal babbles as he bounces, his nails now digging into Will's thighs where they hold on. "They're strong, powerful."

Will nearly laughs at that, and smiles when he contributes, "We wouldn't be alive without them." Hannibal does chuckle, then moans when Will's tip nudges at his prostate. They wouldn't have made it out of the water if it weren't for Will's legs, because Hannibal's were nearly paralyzed after he made impact with it. Once they got to shore, Chiyoh was able to do the rest of the rescuing.

"Your chest.." Hannibal groans, moving his hands one by one to come up to rest on it as he continues riding, "Your beating heart." Tears form in Hannibal's eyes, but he doesn't stop when he heaves out "I would've killed myself if it stopped working."

Will feels a pang of sympathy that is short lived as a groan of pleasure is ripped from him. Hannibal's inner walls are constricting around his dick as he's pulled closer to the edge.

"Your head.." Hannibal pants, "Your beautiful brain."

It's Will's turn for tears as he hears the genuine praises of such an organ that has caused him so much pain over the years. His empathy has been used in all the wrong ways before, but now, he has full control over it. It's his, and he's using it to feel Hannibal's overwhelming love for him.

"I see you, Will." Hannibal moans as his stomach flexes, his orgasm approaching quickly. "All of you. And I worship and devote myself to you."

Will has to bite his lip to keep from screaming as he orgasms. It's violent, and his hips buck into Hannibal's body above him. Hannibal stills, and lets Will use him to ride through the

intense bodily reactions. In result of these harsh snaps up into his prostate cause him spill all over Will's perfect stomach and chest.

His thighs ache, and he knows he should lay down, but he stays perched on top of Will for just a few more minutes. His legs are numb but he watches his husband's chest heave, and his tongue dart out to wet his dry lips as he basks in his post orgasm bliss for the second time within the hour. It isn't until Will tells him to lay down that he does.

He would happily stay perched up on his husband in pain, if it means he gets to admire his body and his behaviors for just a minute more.

He can't think of anyone more perfect than Will Graham. Body, soul, spirit, all of it.

He will worship his husband until the day they both die. And thank God, that day hasn't come yet.

End Notes

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